

Rudyard Kipling

IF

AND
OTHER
POEMS

AN INSPIRATION MINI-BOOK



IF and other poems

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other poems
by**

Rudyard Kipling

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IF and other poems

IF—

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt
you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too
wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your
master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts
your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to,
broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out
tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and
sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold
on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your
virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common
touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too
much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be ■ Man, my
son!

MOTHER O' MINE

IF I WERE hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The Captains and the Kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

OH, EAST is East, and West is West, and never
the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's
great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
though they come from the ends of the
earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the
Borderside,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
Colonel's pride.

He has lifted her out of the stable-door be-
tween the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and
ridden her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a
troop of the Guides:

"Is there never a man of all my men can say
where Kamal hides?"

Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son
of the Ressaldar:

"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye
know where his pickets are.

"At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is
into Bonair,

"But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own
place to fare.

"So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird
can fly,

"By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere
he win to the Tongue of Jagai.

"But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right
swiftly turn ye then,

"For the length and the breadth of that grisly
plain is sown with Kamal's men.

"There is rock to the left, and rock to the right,
and low lean thorn between,

"And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where
never a man is seen."

The Colonel's son has taken horse, and a raw
rough dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell
and the head of a gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they
bid him stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits
not long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as
he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the
gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with
Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye,
he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the
whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show
now if ye can ride!"
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown
dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare
like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged
his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars,
as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the
right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho'
never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky,
their hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the
mare like a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful
heap fell he,

And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and
pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—
small room was there to strive,

“ ’Twas only by favour of mine,” quote he, “ye
rode so long alive:

“There was not a rock for twenty mile, there
was not a clump of tree,

“But covered a man of my own men with his
rifle cocked on his knee.

“If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held
it low,

“The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting
all in a row.

“If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I
have held it high,

“The kite that whistles above us now were
gorged till she could not fly.”

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: “Do good
to bird and beast,

“But count who come for the broken meats
before thou makest a feast.

"If there should follow a thousand swords to
carry my bones away,

"Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more
than a thief could pay.

"They will feed their horse on the standing
crop, their men on the garnered grain.

"The thatch of the byres will serve their fires
when all the cattle are slain.

"But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy
brethren wait to sup,

"The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl,
dog, and call them up!

"And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer
and gear and stack,

"Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight
my own way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him
upon his feet.

"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf
and grey wolf meet.

"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed
or breath;

"What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest
at the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by
the blood of my clan:

"Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;

"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.

"So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,

"My 'broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."

The Colonel's son a pistol drew, and held it muzzle-end,

"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he. "Will ye take the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb.

"Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides,

"And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.

"Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and
board and bed,

"Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with
thy head.

"So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat,
and all her foes are thine,

"And thou must harry thy father's hold for the
peace of the Border-line.

"And thou must make a trooper tough and
hack thy way to power—

"Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when
I am hanged in Peshawur!"

They have looked each other between the eyes,
and there they found no fault.

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-
Blood on leavened bread and salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-
Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife,
and the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and
Kamal's boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh
where there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard,
full twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with
the blood of the mountaineer.

“Ha’ done! ha’ done!” said the Colonel’s son.

“Put up the steel at your sides!

“Last night ye had struck at ■ Border thief—
to-night ’tis a man of the Guides!”

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never
the twain shall meet,*

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s
great Judgment Seat;*

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,*

*When two strong men stand face to face,
though they come from the ends of the
earth!*

THE DEEP-SEA CABLES

THE wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops
down from afar—

Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the
blind white sea-snakes are.

There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the
deserts of the deep,

Or the great grey level plains of ooze where
the shell-blurred cables creep.

Here in the womb of the world—here on the
tie-ribs of earth

Words, and the words of men, flicker and
flutter and beat—

Warning, sorrow, and gain, salutation and
mirth—

For ■ Power troubles the Still that has
neither voice nor feet.

They have wakened the timeless Things; they
have killed their father Time;

Joining hands in the gloom, ■ league from
the last of the sun.

Hush! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the
ultimate slime,

And ■ new Word runs between: whispering,
“Let us be one!”

MANDALAY

BY THE old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at
the sea,

There's ■ Burma girl a-settin', and I know she
thinks o'me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the
temple-bells they say:

"Come you back, you British soldier; come
you back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay:

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'
from Rangoon to Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder
outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was
green,

An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same
as Theebaw's Queen,

An' I seed her first a-smokin' of ■ whackin'
white cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen
idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—

Wot they called the Great Gawd
Budd—

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I
kissed 'er where she stud!

On the road to Mandalay . . .

When the mist was on the ricefields an' the sun
was droppin' slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kulla-
lo-lo!*"

With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek
again my cheek

We useter watch the steamers an' the *bathis*
pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak

In the sludgy, squdgy creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you
was 'arf afraid to speak!

On the road to Mandalay . . .

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' far
away,

An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Bank
to Mandalay;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-
year soldier tells:

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't
never 'eed naught else."

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an'
the tinkly temple-bells;
On the road to Mandalay . . .

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty
pavin' stones,
An' the blasted English drizzle wakes the fever
in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chel-
sea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they
understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a
cleaner, greener land!
On the road to Mandalay . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the
best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an'
a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there
that I would be—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at
the sea;

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings
when we went to Mandalay!

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder
outer China 'crost the Bay!

DANNY DEEVER

"WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you
can hear the Dead March play,

The Regiment's in 'ollow square—they're
hangin' him to-day;

They've taken of his buttons off an' cut
his stripes away,

An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" said Files-on-Parade.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are
marchin' of 'im round,
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is
coffin on the ground;
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf ■ minute for a
sneakin' shootin' hound—
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'!

“'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine,” said Files-
on-Parade.

“'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night,” the Colour-
Sergeant said.

“I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times,” said Files-
on-Parade.

“'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone,” the Colour-
Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you
must mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must
look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the Regi-
ment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in
the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you
can 'ear the quickstep play,

The Regiment's in column, an' they're
marchin' us away;

Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an'
they'll want their beer to-day,

After hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'!

"FUZZY-WUZZY"

WE'VE fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our
forces.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
'ome in the Soudan;

You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-
class fightin' man;

We gives you your certificate, an' if you
want it signed

We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you
whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,

The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,

The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,

An' ■ Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:

But all we ever got from such as they

Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swallow;

We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us
'oller.

Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the
missis and the kid;

Our orders was to break you, an' of course
we went an' did.

We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it
wasn't 'ardly fair;

But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-
Wuz, you broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,

'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,

So *we* must certify the skill 'e's shown

In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:

When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush

With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,

An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush

Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your
friends which are no more,

If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would
'elp you to deplore.

But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call
the bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you
crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!

'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantee!

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
'ome in the Soudan;

You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a
first-class fightin' man;

An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with
your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—

You big black boundin' beggar—for you
broke a British square!

THE LAST CHANTEY

"And there was no more sea."

THUS said the Lord in the Vault above the
Cherubim,
Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their
degree:

 "Lo! Earth has passed away
 On the smoke of Judgment Day.
That Our word may be established shall We
gather up the sea?"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:
 "Plague upon the hurricane that made us furl
 and flee!

 But the war is done between us,
 In the deep the Lord hath seen us—
Our bones we'll leave the barracout', and
God may sink the sea!"

Then said the soul of Judas that betrayèd Him:
 "Lord, hast Thou forgotten Thy covenant
 with me?

 How once a year I go
 To cool me on the floe?
And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take
away the sea."

Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-
shore Wind:

(He that bits the thunder when the bull-
mouthed breakers flee):

“I have watch and ward to keep
O'er Thy wonders on the deep,
And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye
take away the sea!”

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:

“Nay, but we were angry, and a hasty folk
are we.

If we worked the ship together
Till she foundered in foul weather,
Are we babes that we should clamour for ■
vengeance on the sea?”

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw
overboard:

“Kennelled in the picaroon a weary band
were we;

But Thy arm was strong to save,
And it touched us on the wave,
And we drowsed the long tides idle till Thy
Trumpets tore the sea.”

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul
to God:

"Once we frapped ■ ship, and she laboured
woundily.

There were fourteen score of these,
And they blessed Thee on their knees,
When they learned Thy Grace and Glory
under Malta by the sea!"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Plucking at their harps, and they plucked
unhandily:

"Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
And the tune is something hard—
May we lift a Deepsea Chantey such as sea-
men use at sea?"

Then said the souls of the gentlemen-adven-
turers—

Fettered wrist to bar all for red iniquity:

"Ho, we revel in our chains
O'er the sorrow that was Spain's!
Heave or sing it, leave or drink it, we were
masters of the sea!"

Up spake the soul of a grey Gothavn 'speck-
shioner—

(He that led the flenching in the fleets of
fair Dundee):

"Oh, the ice-blink white and near,
And the bowhead breaching clear!

Will Ye whelm them all for wantonness that
wallow in the sea?"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Crying: "Under Heaven, here is neither lead
nor lee!

Must we sing for evermore
On the windless, glassy floor?
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll
beat to open sea!"

Then stooped the Lord, and He called the
good sea up to Him,
And 'stablishèd its borders unto all eternity,
That such as have no pleasure
For to praise the Lord by measure,
They may enter into galleons and serve Him
on the sea.

*Sun, Wind, and Cloud shall fail not from the
face of it,
Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar
flying free;
And the ships shall go abroad
To the Glory of the Lord
Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave
them back their sea!*

BOOTS

WE'RE foot—slog—slog—slog—sloggin' over
Africa—

Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' over Africa—
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an'
down again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

Seven—six—eleven—five—nine—an'-twenty mile
today—

Four—eleven—seventeen—thirty-two the day
before—

(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an'
down again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

Don't—don't—don't—don't—look at what's in
front of you.*

(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an'
down again);

Men—men—men—men—men go mad with
watchin' em.

An' there's no discharge in the war!

Try—try—try—try—to think o' something different—

Oh—my—God—keep—me from goin' lunatic!
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an'
down again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

Count—count—count—count—the bullets in the
bandoliers.

If—your—eyes—drop—they will get atop o'
you!

(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an'
down again)—

There's no discharge in the war!

We—can—stick—out—'unger, thirst, an' weariness,

But—not—not—not—not the chronic sight of
'em—

Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an'
down again,

An' there's no discharge in the war!

'Taint—so—bad—by—day because o' company,
But night—brings—long—strings—o' forty thousand million

Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an'
down again.

There's no discharge in the war!

I—'ave—marched—six—weeks in 'Ell an' certify
It—is—not—fire—devils, dark, or anything,
But boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an'
down again,

An' there's no discharge in the war!

THE 'EATHEN

THE 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to
wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful: 'e leaves 'em all
about,
An' then comes up the Regiment an' pokes the
'eathen out.

*All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-
less,
All along of abbey-nay,¹ kul,² an' hazar-ho,³
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!*

The young recruit is 'aughty—'e draf's from
Gawd knows where;
They bid 'im show 'is stockin's an' lay 'is mat-
tress square;
'E calls it bloomin' nonsense—'e doesn't know,
no more—
An' then up comes 'is Company an' kicks 'im
round the floor!

The young recruit is 'ammered—'e takes it very hard;

'E 'angs 'is 'ead an' mutters—'e sulks about the yard;

'E talks o' "cruel tyrants" which 'e'll swing for by-an'-by,

An' the others 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes orf to cry.

The young recruit is silly—'e thinks o' suicide.
'E's lost 'is gutter-devil; 'e 'asn't got 'is pride;
But day by day they kicks 'im, which 'elps 'im on a bit,

Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full an' proper kit.

Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,

Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather-more-or-less;

*Not so fond of abby-nay, kul, nor hazar-ho,
Learns to keep 'is-rifle an' 'isself jus' so!*

The young recruit is 'appy—'e throws a chest to suit;

You see 'im grow mustaches; you 'ear 'im slap 'is boot.

'E learns to drop the "bloodies" from every
word 'e slings,

An' 'e shows an 'ealthy brisket when 'e strips
for bars an' rings.

The cruel-tyrant-sergeants they watch 'im 'arf
■ year;

They watch 'im with 'is comrades, they watch
'im with 'is beer;

They watch 'im with the women at the regi-
mental dance,

And the cruel-tyrant-sergeants send 'is name
along for "Lance."

An' now 'e's 'arf o' nothin', an' all ■ private
yet,

'Is room they up an' rags 'im to see what they
will get.

They rags 'im low an' cunnin', each dirty trick
they can,

But 'e learns to sweat 'is temper an' 'e learns to
sweat 'is man.

An', last, ■ Colour-Sergeant, as such to be
obeyed,

'E schools 'is men at cricket, 'e tells 'em on
parade;

They sees 'im quick an' 'andy, uncommon set
an' smart,

An' so 'e talks to orficers which 'ave the Core
at 'eart.

'E learns to do 'is watchin' without it showin'
plain;

'E learns to save a dummy, an' shove 'im
straight again;

'E learns to check a ranker that's buyin' leave
to shirk;

An' 'e learns to make men like 'im so they'll
learn to like their work.

An' when it comes to marchin' he'll see their
socks are right,

An' when it comes to action 'e shows 'em how
to sight.

'E knows their ways of thinkin' and just what's
in their mind;

'E knows when they are takin' on an' when
they've fell be'ind.

'E knows each talkin' corp'ral that leads
squad astray;

'E feels 'is innards 'eavin', 'is bowels givin' way;

'E sees the blue-white faces all tryin' 'ard to
grin,

An' 'e stands an' waits an' suffers till it's time
to cap 'em in.

An' now the hugly bullets come peckin'
through the dust,

An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar
must;

So, like a man in irons, which isn't glad to go,
They moves 'em off by companies uncommon
stiff and slow.

Of all 'is five years' schoolin' they don't re-
member much

Excep' the not retreatin', the step an' keepin'
touch.

It looks like teachin' wasted when they duck
an' spread an' 'op—

But if 'e 'adn't learned 'em they'd be all about
the shop.

An' now it's "'Oo goes backward?" an' now
it's "'Oo comes on?"

And now it's "Get the doolies," an' now the
Captain's gone;

An' now it's bloody murder, but all the while
they 'ear

'Is voice, the same as barrick-drill, a-shepherd-
in' the rear.

'E's just as sick as they are, 'is 'eart is like to
split,
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em till he
feels 'em take the bit;
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful
bugles play,
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the
charge that wins the day!

*The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to
wood an' stone;*

*'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is
own.*

*The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where
'e began,*

*But the backbone of the Army is the Non-
commissioned Man!*

*Keep away from dirtiness—keep away from
mess,*

*Don't get into doin' things rather-more-or-
less!*

*Let's ha' done with abby-nay, kul, and
hazar-ho;*

*Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus'
so!*

PINK DOMINOES

*"They are fools who kiss and tell"—
Wisely has the poet sung.
Man may hold all sorts of posts
If he'll only hold his tongue.*

JENNY and Me were engaged, you see,
On the eve of the Fancy Ball;
So a kiss or two was nothing to you
Or any one else at all.

Jenny would go in a domino—
Pretty and pink but warm;
While I attended, clad in a splendid
Austrian uniform.

Now we had arranged, through notes ex-
changed
Early that afternoon,
At Number Four to waltz no more,
But to sit in the dusk and spoon.

I wish you to see that Jenny and Me
Had barely exchanged our troth;
So a kiss or two was strictly due
By, from, and between us both.

When Three was over, an eager lover,
I fled to the gloom outside;
And a Domino came out also
Whom I took for my future bride.

That is to say, in a casual way,
I slipped my arm around her;
With a kiss or two (which is nothing to you),
And ready to kiss I found her.

She turned her head and the name she said
Was certainly not my own;
But ere I could speak, with a smothered shriek
She fled and left me alone.

Then Jenny came, and I saw with shame
She'd doffed her domino;
And I had embraced an alien waist—
But I did not tell her so.

Next morn I knew that there were two
Dominoes pink, and one
Had cloaked the spouse of Sir Julian Vouse,
Our big Political gun.

Sir J. was old, and her hair was gold,
And her eye was a blue cerulean;
And the name she said when she turned her
head
Was not in the least like "Julian."

Now wasn't it nice, when want of *pice*
Forbade us twain to marry,
That old Sir J., in the kindest way,
Made me his *Secretarry*?

THE EXPLANATION

LOVE and Death once ceased their strife
At the Tavern of Man's Life.
Called for wine, and threw—alas!—
Each his quiver on the grass.
When the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.
Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived!
Mingled arrows each one sheaved.
Death's dread armoury was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred;
Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-headed darts of Death.
Thus it was they wrought our woe
At the Tavern long ago.
Tell me, do our masters know,
Loosing blindly as they fly,
Old men love while young men die?

BILL 'AWKINS

"'As ANYBODY seen Bill 'Awkins?"

"Now 'ow in the devil would I know?"

"'E's taken my girl out walkin',

An' I've got to tell 'im so—

Gawd—bless—'im!

I've got to tell 'im so."

"D'yer know what 'e's like, Bill 'Awkins?"

"Now what in the devil would I care?"

"'E's the livin', breathin' image of an organ-grinder's monkey.

With a pound of grease in 'is 'air—

Gawd—bless—'im!

An' a pound o' grease in 'is 'air."

"An' s'pose you met Bill 'Awkins,

Now what in the devil 'ud ye do?"

"I'd open 'is cheek to 'is chin-strap buckle,

An' bung up 'is both eyes, too—

Gawd—bless—'im!

An' bung up 'is both eyes, too!"

"Look 'ere, where 'e comes, Bill 'Awkins!

Now, what in the devil will you say?"

"It isn't fit an' proper to be fightin' on ■

Sunday,

So I'll pass 'im the time o' day—

Gawd—bless—'im!

I'll pass 'im the time o' day!"

"MY NEW-CUT ASHLAR"

MY NEW-CUT ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare.
By my own work before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought
Thy Hand compelled it, Master, Thine—
Where I have failed to meet Thy Thought
I know, through Thee, the blame was mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all Eternity's offence.
Of that I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray—
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain—
Godlike to muse o'er his own Trade
And manlike stand with God again!

One stone the more swings into place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth.
It is enough that, through Thy Grace,
I saw nought common on Thy Earth.

Take not that vision from my ken—
Oh, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed.
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need!

L'ENVOI

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted and the
tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the
youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie
down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall
put us to work anew.
And those that were good shall be happy: they
shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with
brushes of comets' hair.
They shall find real saints to draw from—
Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and
never be tired at all!
And only The Master shall praise us, and only
The Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one
shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each,
in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God
of Things as They are!

Notes

"The 'Eathen"

- 1 Later on
- 2 Some other day
- 3 Wait awhile



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